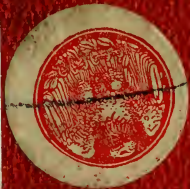


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New England;

OR, THE

AGE OF BRASS.

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PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN

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To the Public.

WHEREAS, Mr. Beecher, in his answer to Mr. Tilton's charges, puts me in mind of holy Willie's Prayer and is so strikingly in keeping with his career, viz., of holding up that part of the population of New England and this country, who are descendants of the Puritans, for a sample, as a moral and virtuous pure Christian people, and especially that phrase where he says, "I hold to the old New England doctrine," that every man cleave unto his own wife, and so forth; forsooth, not like those heathens around about, as New Yorekrs, Jersey men, or other foreigners! Now, I for one protest against this Pharisaical slang, "O Lord, I thank Thee," &c., for New England has no right to be held up as a particular example to neither young or old, to be followed after! First leaving aside the Puritan's twaddle of coming here for "conscience sake," and then proscribing everybody as soon as they had a footing, or their trading in rum, Indians, and negroes, stealing from them their land and selling them into slavery, or their fitting out those horrible hulks known as the African Slavers!

Let bygones be bygones, and come down to Mr. Beecher's time. Newspapers and statisticians tell us that of all the marriages contracted in that land of morality, espe-

cially by descendants of Pilgrims and that stripe, one-half of them are "unhitched" again before the first year goes around, one-eighth of them the first month, or before the honey moon should end, thus minding the heavenly injunction, "What God has joined, let no man put asunder," in regular New England style; but of those that do stick any length of time, statisticians tell us again, that the mildew of abortion and infanticide had become such a blight, that meeting as well as school-houses, as far as the Puritans and their descendants were concerned, would in a very short time be altogether superfluous, and that certain articles of goods [?] formed a trade, advertised in the leading newspapers, religious as well as secular, to say nothing of her own manufacture. Of those "cure-for-all-care" nostrums such as "Female Pills that Never Fail," pain-killer! famous for its pain-killer villa, Mrs. Davis and a certain Major, whose proprietors deserve in mortality as well as Dr. Hornbook. And a descendant of the Puritans informs me that the thousands of bottles and baskets of champagne and other foreign mixtures imported into Boston, where there drank, by total prohibition legislators and temperance reunionists, the casks and bottles refilled with an article half-way between hard cider and apple-jack, and, along with the soiled doves, palmed off on Chicago, and that those Westerners were greatly elated with both of the "genuine articles." Now, to hold up these Puritans and their descendants as a pattern, to say nothing of their Credit

Mobilier phalanx and half-built mill-dams, to us heathens around about, beats the Pharisees of old, and I hope that these few lines will convince Messrs. Beecher, Talmadge & Co. that when they get to exhorting their flocks again, and especially "those rams that cross the breed," they will, instead of holding up near-by New England as a pattern, refer us and them to the land of the "Czar" or the "Sultan."

FREEHOLD, January 20, 1875.

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The New England Dinner.

[Extract from the Herald, Dec. 26th, 1874.]

It is a great pity that the Plymouth Pilgrims did not land at a different season of the year, for the genial, gentle influence of the natal day of Christianity, with its pleasant, convivial, commemorative ceremonial, its flowers and its holly leaves, is sorely interfered with by the grim Puritan anniversary five days before. The original Puritans shuddered at the very name of Christmas. The 20th of December is much too near the 25th. Not that the contemporaneous mode of celebrating Forefathers' Day [exactly as if nobody else had forefathers!] is in any sense grim. Very far from it. The Puritan of to-day does not even go to church or, to speak more properly, to "meeting," or as Mr. Beecher says in his letters to Miss Proctor, "to sermon," on his anniversary; but he, or those who can afford it, after a morning lucratively spent, dine ostentatiously at Delmonico's and there make and listen to speeches of boastfulness and self-exultation. So, year after year, it goes on, and the New Englander who makes or listens to these speeches, convinces himself, or is convinced by them, that the early Puritans were not only the "salt of the earth," for that is a homely, byillustration, but the chosen of God, especially in this our Western land, alongside of whom the Cavalier and the Huguenot and the Quaker, and the Dutch Protestant and the Scotch-Irishman from Ulster, or the Catholic from the South, or the German, all fugitives at one time or another from persecution quite as fierce as ever visited Elder Brewster

and his crew, are nobodies and of no account, and the Puritan descendants are as great and good as their progenitors. We say they who make or listen to such rhetorical balderdash can by no possibility, in the course of five days, sink down to the appreciation of such humble, modest joys as those of Christmas. With them the landing of the Pilgrims is a greater event than the birth of the Saviour of mankind. The worst of it is, too, that there is what in music is known as a *crescendo*. Fifty, nay, twenty years ago, the New England dinner and speeches, here, at least, in New York, were naught to what they are now.

We had one the other day which, in homely phrase, beat, in ambitious, self-complacent rhetoric, all its predecessors out of sight. It would be indecorous and utterly inconsistent with the general object we have in view to criticise in detail post-prandial speeches of such accredited orators of New England boastfulness, clerical and lay, as Beecher and Chapin and our Conkling and the "President of the Society of Plymouth." It was neck and neck, the Brooklyn nag, with more bottom and steady from recent training, coming in ahead. To our taste—but we are not competent judges of the article—President Bailey's was the best speech of the evening. It was playful. It was genial, and, oddly enough, it said not a word about the Pilgrims and did not mention the Mayflower.

But, as we say, Mr. Beecher outdid himself, while Senator Conkling, according to one of his admirers, was merely ornate and eloquent. But, as we have said, we eschew detail, and, accepting these speeches as the appropriate gloss of the sentiment within, again we ask, and they afford no adequate answer, by what right do men of New England blood—and especially this topical blood—arrogate to themselves such pre-eminence?

We concede what they call their sturdy elements of character. With adversaries like the Indians, brave, austere, rigorous, revengeful, intellectual and severely but not gently moral, they bore their early discipline well. How long their stern morality stood may admit of question—for certain it is that of one crime, than which the Puritans of to-day know no one darker, they sold their captives into slavery and shipped them in bulk to the West Indies. Has not the New York Historical Society proved this, and does not Bancroft admit it? But we deny the pre-eminence as a fact, and question the basis on which it is supposed to rest. One good of their commemorations may be to set people to inquiring into the truth of our early as well as of our recent story. We do not doubt the result.

I did fully inquire,
 And over the facts my heart got on fire ;
 So let critics sniff and snool,
 I never 'tended any but a country school ;
 And my name is unknown
 To fame or renown !
 But the *Sun* and *Herald* I peruse,
 And there found the theme that woke up my muse.
 So if I stand or fall,
 To them I shall lay it all.

At Brownhill we always get dainty good cheer,
 And plenty of bacon each day in the year ;
 We have all things that's neat, and mostly in season,
 But why always bacon ? come, give me the reason.

—[*Burns.*

A wider space, a greener field is given,
 To those who play their tricks before high Heaven.

—[*Bryon, Age of Bronze.*

At Brooklyn, on the Heights,
 We always meet with delights,
 For the singing is fine,
 And the ladies look divine ;

But for a sample of morality and virtues abundant, we
 are always referred to those from New England.

AGE OF BRASS;

OR, NEW ENGLAND.

Now, New England, thy chief surgeon
Has well nigh torn thy escutcheon,
Though he freely spend those with the golden crest;
No longer could he hide his little nest.

It's now a little over years forty
Since thou has't taken to exhorting,
Spoken despairingly of Calvin and Knox,
And ill-pleased people orthodox.

Told them—

How the Irish, English, Scotch and German,
Scarce had left a godly germ in;
All those nations 'round about
Them thou well could'st put to route.

But on the descendants and those of thy flock,
 Who stationed first around Plymouth Rock,
 Always heap'st thou such laudations ;
 That, when they get to wandering in the mazes,
 Or get to kicking over the traces,
 As long as they only wear grave, proud faces,
 And are on the Sabbath in their places,
 With well-filled purse,
 Then may all outsiders innurse
 The praise of them through thy discourse.

How their forefathers had left yon distant shore,
 A land their virtues could but abhor ;
 Come here as " Mayflower's " precious freight,
 To be, to this land, a shining light !

How they resolv'd on their knee,
 With many a well-meant vow and plea ;
 How every vice should stay over the sea,
 If the Lord would only give them and theirs
 Of this continent a perpetual lease.

How bigots, such as Catholic Roman,
 Shall never on this soil set foot on ;
 And as for Free-thinkers and Baptist,
 They should evaporate in smoke and mist.

Well may'st thou give thanks for thee and thine,
 For gifts temporal and divine,
 For never such another crew
 Has left any nation, be it Gentile or Jew.

For thou and thine hast never told
 How for that filthy lucre—gold—
 [I take the hint from Britain's bard of old,]
 That those same Puritans had sold,
 And all in one vessel's hold had stowed,
 Not only flour and New England rum,
 But also Indian men and maidens, both old and young.
 Not even she could their avarice restrain,
 Whose brother might have worn a diadem. [King
 Philip's sister.]

How could they so abuse
 The little papoose,
 Its mother and father,
 For the sake of an article to barter.

To tear away to clime torrid
 Those children of the forest !
 For to slave and to toil
 On West India soil !

Along with that rum,
 The driver's senses to stun,
 And yet claim a name,
 And a Christian fame.

And well may they behind Hill Bunker sulk,
 When history mentions their slave hulks;
 For other nations too might exult,
 And say they brought Africans here in bulk.

Tore from Africa's sunny shore,
 Their decks all reeking with gore,
 Both men and women, old and young;
 And yet proclaim with pen and tongue,
 That they were the substance and sum—
 True followers of Him who on the cross was strung

Those daughters from the blue Nile,
 Taken to slack guile,
 Their miseries bewailed;
 But on them could not prevail
 To leave them in their vale.

And when they had disposed of their ware,
 In Savannah or Delaware,
 They soon after went to sneering
 At Carolinian and Virginian.

And though they may trade now no rum for indigo,
 Still they are making calico;
 The first would not do for burning witches,
 The second scarcely holds the stitches.

Or what hast thou to put in the balance?
 To offset this Credit Mobilier phalanx—
 A crew that almost put *hors du combat*
 The name of Morse and poet Dana?

Is it Garfield or Dawes,
 So skilled in division and laws?
 Or is it cock-eyed Spoony Butler,
 A General for contractor and suttler?

Or is it Oakes Ames,
 Who settled their games?
 Or Harland and Pomeroy,
 Who makes Iowa and Kansas their toy?
 With Indiana Rings as a specific,
 And Central Pacific as a physic.
 They were the team!
 That could get up steam;
 Could for bleeding Kansas chime!
 Or Sambo in our Southern clime.

They were the crowd
 That could shout,
 And concoct the quorum
 To tax fifty per cent. to ad valorem.

So does cur nation's honor glide!
 Filched by these Puritan parasites;
 Though scarce a century over its head,
 Founded by Washington and Lafayette.

But, not only in those acts and scenes,
 That are generally performed behind the screens,
 Are thine active sons thus seen,
 But murder and rape scrapes between
 Are now often New England village scenes ;
 Thou can'st not say, it's all the Milesians ;
 No, its the sons of blue blood and patricians.

Of thy lecturers getting drunk,
 That, when put to bed, fall out of their bunk ;
 And what, if thy pirates don't carry the dagger,
 Yet New England furnished the " Carpet-bagger ;"
 And as for that famous Bullock,
 'Twere better he were under a hilloek.

New Englanders

Don't only force & corner in stocks or gold,
 Like a highwayman true and bold ;
 But also on butter, coal, cattle, corn and wheat,
 To show that you are sprung from real dead-beats.

And as for operating at the forge,
 Their big pockets full to gorge ;
 On checks for money, stocks or gold,
 New England's sons are most keen and bold.

But Johnny Bull
 Is not so dull ;
 He catch'd them at Hull ;
 At a ball and chain they now pull.

Though thy Doctors in Divinity, Physic or Law,
 In every neighbor's creed, morality and mixture, find
 a flaw,

Though their own may not be worth a straw ;
 In almanacs and pamphlets they may elaborate,
 Like April snow will they evaporate.

Those cures for all cares,
 Prepared by one Ayres ;
 And what a pain that fluid raises,
 Prepared by one Davis ;
 Better take of Hornbook's shavings,
 Than to trust their subtle sayings.

Of that old barker, Dr. Parker,
 Of that old screecher, Lyman Beecher,
 Or of Brigham Young
 And his chums,
 At Uncle Sam's forms,
 O ! how he storms.

But go ahead, brethren, bellweather every sham,
 Though you have to build around it a coffer-dam ;
 Have faith in fellows like Dr. Owen,
 But sneer at the heroine of Rouen !

Or has't thou heard of that patrician,
 By courtesy the state's statistician,

Who tells us that there the pledge for life
 Is taken as the Scot takes his life;
 Each party interprets it for himself,
 And lays the unsuited on the shelf;
 So that in about half of a century
 Pilgrim school houses will be empty;
 For infanticide, that curse and blight,
 Was practiced without shame or afright!

Bride and groom
 Play their tune,
 Though it scarce outlast
 Other people's honeymoon!

Of that pain-killer villa,
 Surrounded by daisies,
 A Major D, on Verandah,
 Hugging Mrs. Davis.
 And well thou knowest

That many things in lace and gloves
 Are nothing but those solid doves
 From Boston's harems, sent south and west,
 There to spread the modern pest.

Now, Henry dear, take my advice,
 If thou and thine deserve laudation,
 Let that be done by other nations!

Those leaves we then may eager seize,
 As the veteran the medal on return of peace,
 And display it as the "hero" bold,
 On your very bosoms fold;
 "So instead of commendation,
 Hold them up to execration,"
 For a mother that her child constantly does praise
 For its ruin the sandy foundation lays.
 But let that praise from others come,
 Then it's the layer of the rocky form;
 And do thou take care,
 Of things Pharisaical beware,
 Else thou might fare
 Like Willie of Ayre,
 Who so nobly got his turns
 From poet Robert Burns.

But tell them, without fear or stammer,
 In harangues called old style sledge-hammer;
 For thou hast voice that still can'st call
 Their attention to what said St. Paul.

"That they are aboard and in that yawl,
 Far! far! out of reach
 Of even a rocky or a sandy beach;
 Far! far! from safety or port,
 By every squall and wind made sport,
 Hither driven to and fro,
 For every M. D. and D. D. for pay or show."

Tell them that pills, bodices and corsets
 Still would make them more effeminate;
 That all their trash of patent nostrums
 Would entirely unfit them for the rostrum;
 They would still make them more lean and lank,
 And scarcely leave them butt or shank,
 And that those things they buy at Kimball's
 Would only leave them tinkling cymbals;
 And that that thing they call a Frenchman
 Will deliver them over to the devil's own henchman.
 Oder das Weiber die so fruh verbleichen
 Sind nicht werth das sie die Hund. An——

With cheeks all sallow!
 When not painted yellow!
 With looks, anything but Roman,
 But rather like the tribe of Onan.

With gums and teeth
 And breast to meet,
 And some of calf
 To help make out the other half.

O! for that bustle,
 O! how it tussels;
 O! for them ruffles,
 O! how they shuffle.

Tell them your body and form shows decline,
 As your airs and your looks does repine,
 And if it was not for that thing called false hair,
 Taken from a corpse, or tail of a mare,
 As your skull is, so your scalp would be bare.

Though you all professed admirers be,
 Young and old, she and he,
 Of him who says :
 It's all to be, or not to be.

So, tell them thou, as well as Talmage,
 Really what true Christian balm is ;
 That it is not eloquence nor cant,
 Neither sickly sentiment.

And as for that church thou call'st Romish,
 Which, to say the least, is rather borish,
 She never could or would be forced
 (They really want to see the corpse,)
 Death alone grants her divorce.

Though the suppliant be Emperor Roman,
 Or that great European foeman,
 A bold old Briton's fleshy Harry,
 With their first love, all must tarry.

On fleshy lust must put the break !
 Or in fire eternal quake ;
 Such she says is her decree !
 For prince or peasant, bond or free !

Tell them that in those vows,
 Taken at the hymenial altars,
 Though taken under leafless boughs,
 Not even Indian or negro falters.

And Pat of all does stick the best,
 Though with the shillelah may answer her behest,
 And often their rash step may rue,
 When eyes and face are black and blue.

The German never leaves his frau,
 Though Tiltens may their vengeance vow ;
 For with great care and deliberation
 Does he enter marital relation.

Tell them that wives and husbands may be looked at.
 And they may stare,
 Still they are not like peddling ware,
 Or things to be done up in tin foil,
 Then laid aside and left to spoil.

So when again ye notice
 In a neighbor's eye a chip,
 Think how you was catched close by her hip
 So never more let's compare or noting,
 As along life's stream we are floating.

Then people whom thou ill can'st spare,
 Will at all times by thee swear,
 Though those may then refuse to follow
 Who live on pie-crust made from tallow,
 Ordoughnuts fried in hog's lard
 Until they are rocky hard ;
 Or pork and beans, that won't digest,
 This bardy never be their guest.

Thou shalt then have renewed by me
 With ragout and saur kraut,
 And haggis en fricassee,
 [Thy noble looks and wonted cheer,]
 With Rhine wine, Burgundy and lager bier.

Then our youngsters shan't say,
 They are pretty factors ;
 That Beecher and Talmage,
 The one rants at actors,
 The other pays salvage.

So no more of Cotton Mather, Brewster and his clan,
 A long, thin visaged, dreary set of men,
 In whose very countenance you could trace
 The Pharisee, or the traits of him who left his place,
 A rope and palm-tree limb to grace,
 A set, though Loo, would sell them a county for a few
 beads ;

Still could not refrain from playing rogues and cheat

But tell us something of Columbus, Lafayette,
 Baltimore and Penn.,

Or of Kosciusko, De Kalb, or Steuben—

Truly a noble set of men.

Or of Montgomery, or Moll Pitchèr ;

But then that would distort your every feature ;

Their motto was not, “ Thrift ! thrift ! thrift ! ”

Even if you have to steal a steamboat or an Indian skiff.

So be for you again, as at Delmonico's go a spinning,

I'd stop, and get washed a little of my own dirty linen,

For they say you are the Indian, with your fingers in
 that log,

And Theodore is the Yankee, that will make you travel
 in cog.

Thou bragg'st so much of Lexington and '76,
 Just as if France at Yorktown
 Hadn't help win the stakes;
 Of art, religious freedom, and of press,
 If it all came from Plymouth,
 Like apple sass.

So instead of kissing continually the stone of blarney,
 Tell us meekly something of Moultrie,
 Sumter, Light-horse Harry, or Commodore Barney;
 Men who never flinched, though it hailed shell and shot,
 And what cared they for thy Plymouth Rock?

Or just mention Hendrick Hudson, or De Soto,
 Discoverers of Hudson's and Mississippi's farthest
 grottos;

Or say something of General Nash or mad Anthony
 Wayne;

Was such a contrast ever before seen?

And as for modern heroes, on sea or land,
 What has New England to compare
 With Kearney, Thomas, Meade, or Grant?
 Though Ulysses lately, got a little on the strand,
 Yet, as General and soldier, renowned in every land.

And what about those giants of Tennessee,
 Who twice conquered Mississippi's Keyes ?
 Did Farragutt not lash himself to the mizzen mast,
 While shot and shell flew thick and fast ?
 Did not long before Jackson, Packenham thrash ?

Or what about our own David D. ?
 No land-lubber, oh no, not he !
 Neither was Dahlgreen, nor P. S. Lee.

Your stripe partakes, I will not say of coward,
 Yet you know all about that Christian, Gen. Howard,
 And what a mess they made at Fredericksburgh and
 Chancellorsville,
 Though about Bermuda Hundred, Bethel, Fisher, I'd
 just keep still.

Now, M. and T., it's really a sin
 To shoot the bird when on the wing,
 When its just beginning to have full swing ;
 And, besides, you have taken his stamps,
 Like dirty, loafing, greedy tramps.

You, too, belong to that crowd,
 That always about other people shout
 Through pamphlets, and newspapers spout ;
 So I put you likewise to route.
 With me a little powder and ball
 Would have settled fees and all.

So, Henry. it's really too bad
 To be mixed with such a run of shad.
 T. and Moulton are the chaps.
 Who have made for you the traps.

Thou, who canst, but to Heaven soar,
 And at everything but New England roar.
 Is thy case really so bare and thin ?
 What thou of orators, the King ?
 Have need of four of those whippers-in.

Now, I think, you Glendenning and Kinsella,
 Better scud for the Straits of Magellan ;
 From under the equator urge the race,
 Alaska is for you the place.

So, just for once, of Plymouth Rock heave clear,
 For in the briny main thou lov'st to steer;
 There the Puritans might have seen their peers,
 Those jolly, daring Buccaneers!

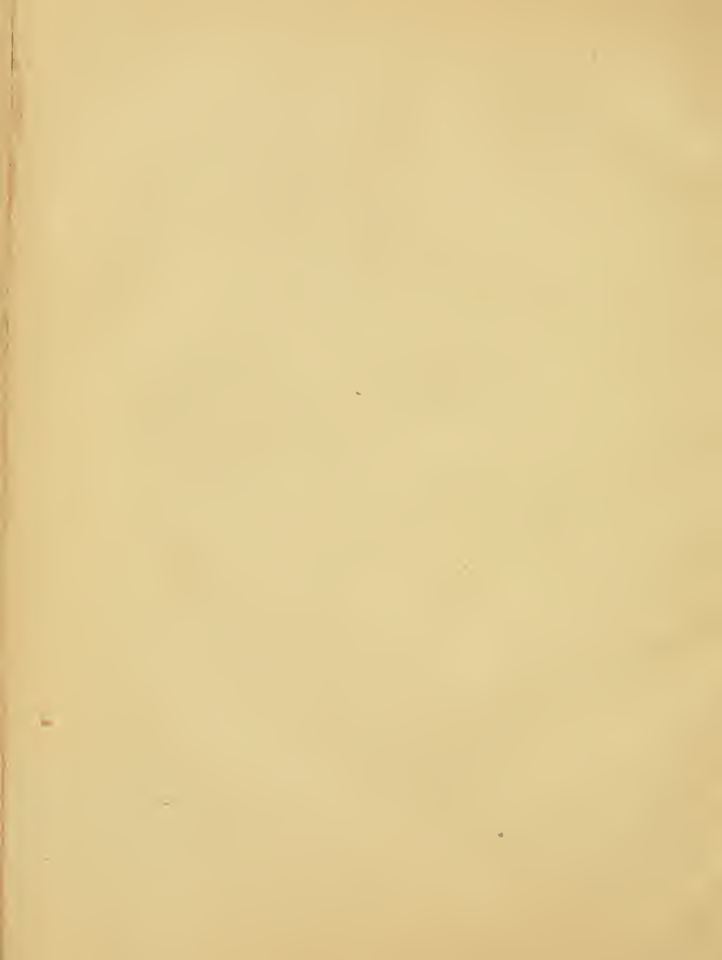
So, up with the jib—hoist the mainsail—
 There you strike heroic trail!
 (For things round Plymouth must be getting stale;)
 There, wafted by the evening gale,
 You may hear their victims' spirits wail.

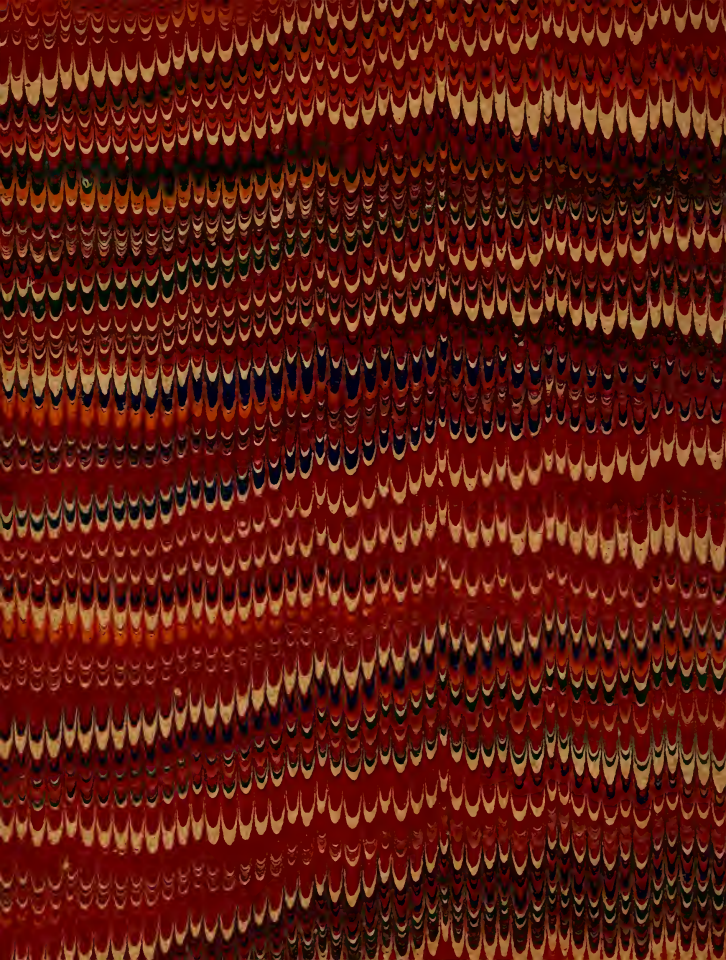
Frobisher, Raleigh, Lafitte and Drake
 Made many a Spanish maindeck shake;
 They snapp'd their fingers at prohibition,
 And, for a cloak, didn't wrap 'round religion.

It matter'd not, whether north or south they steer'd,
 As long as the voyage brought them gear;
 "Adventurous hearts, who barter'd bold
 Their English steel for Spanish gold."—Scott.



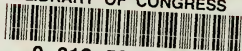








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